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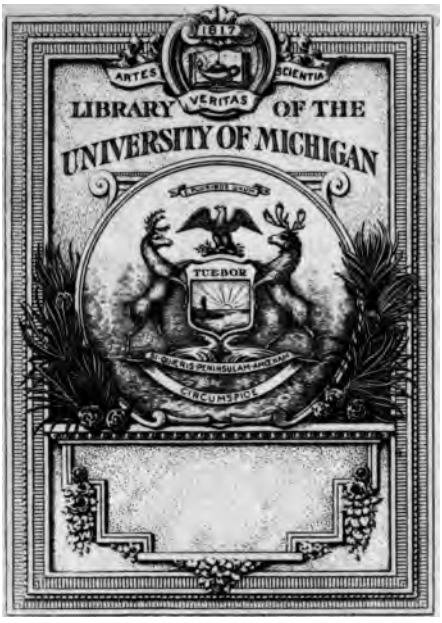
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# THE TRUE

# Characters

OF,

*VIZ.*

A *Deceitful* Petty-Fogger, *Vulgarly* call'd Attorney.

A Know-all Aſtrological Quack, *or*, Feigned Phyſician.

A Female Hypocrite, *or*, Devil in Diſguiſe.

A Low-Churchman, *or*, Eccleſiaſtical Bifarius.

A Trimmer, *or*, Jack of All Sides, *&c.*

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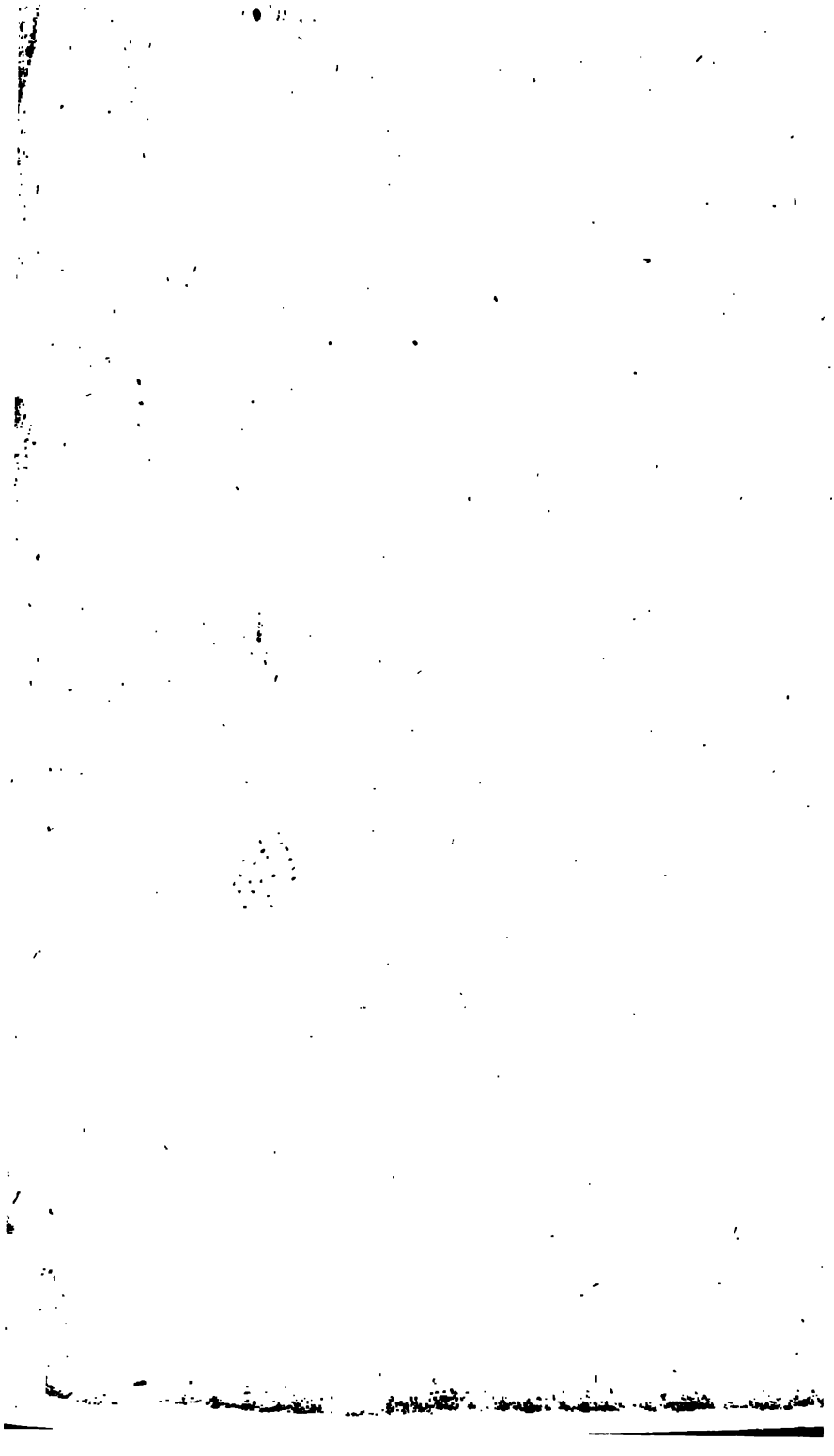

# Indelible CHARACTERS, &c.

## *A Deceitful Pettifogger, vulgarly call'd Attorney,*

IS an Animal deſcended from the *Plough-Tail*, ſwept out o'th' *Shop*, or Kickt from a *Juſtice* of the Peace's, or *Lawyer*'s Clerk into *Gentleman*, to *Scandalize* the Profeſſion of honeſt and fair Practiſing *Attorneys*: *Monſtrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*! A Writing-School is the height of his Education: *Latin* is his utter Averſion, and therefore cuts it off in the middle, for fear it ſhould Accuſe him of breaking *Priſian*'s Head, and crack his own Credit in the Country, where, for want of being a Scholar, he has taken great Pains to make 'em believe he is one. Frequenting *Conventicles* has made him Bold and Saucy. His *Demure Looks* initiated him into the Acquaintance of *Preciſions*, and writing *Bills*, *Bonds*, and *Acquittances* from Preſidents at the Fag-end of an *Almanack*, has made him Impudent enough, tho' but a Pen-feather'd Prig, to call himſelf an *Attorney*, and to eat the *Bread* and *Cheeſe* out of *Practitioner*'s Mouths, that are *Regularly* Qualify'd for that Employment. He began to look toward the Law, by Soliciting for *Criminals* at the *Quarter Seſſions*, where the Favour of his Maſter Juſtice, who went *Snips* in his *Fees*, gave him the Reputation of a Man of Knowledge. Thence, like a *Butter-fly* adulterated into a *Maggot*, he became an *Attorney* in *Wapentake*, *Leete*, and *Hundred Courts*; and at laſt by Employing an Able *Entring Clerk*, commences an *Attorney* at large, without being able to Read a *Writ*, or diſtinguiſh a *Common Proceſs* from an *Execution*: And the *People* always favouring every *Limping Profeſſor* of their own Creation, he is ſooner Employ'd than a *Clerk* fit for his Buſineſs. He has little more in him than

*Garbage*, and the *Shape* of a *Man*, and when you have beheld his *Leather-Ears* and *ſhabby Outſide*, you have ſeen him thro', and need employ your Diſcovery no farther. His Reaſon is meerly *Whig Example*, and his *Actions* are not guided by his *Underſtanding*; but he ſees what other Men of the ſame *Cut* do, and 'tis his whole Buſineſs to Imitate them. The chief Burden of his *Brain*, is the *Whiggiſh* Carriage of his Body, and ſetting his Face in a Frame of *Nonconformity*, advances his Renown among the Crop-Ear'd Brethren of *Bands* and *Bugle-Cuffs*, who will go to Law with their *Fathers*, rather than this Muſhroom Brother of the *Quill* ſhall be deſtitute of Employment. Among Knowing *Attorneys*, he looks like a *Tripe-Man's* Aſs, loaded with Offal and Excrements; but among the *Vulgar Fry*, like a Sage *Common-Counſellor*. All his *Diſcourſes* are Maxims in Law, and *Definitive Decrees*, with a *Thus it is, and Thus it muſt be!* but will never humble his Authority to give a Reaſon for it, unleſs he ſtumbles on a Text to his purpoſe, and then he proves it by dint of Scripture. All his Words are *Hebrew* Characters; if he ſays he will do any thing for you, it is as much as if he had Sworn he wou'd not, and you muſt always Spell him backward before you can Read him. He has neither the Theory, nor Practice of the Law; but, his own Villanous Arts excepted, is wholly ſteer'd by the Compaſs of his *Entring Clerk*. He's at beſt but two Steps above a *Fool*; a great Many below a Wiſe and honeſt Man, but the *Phanatick Knave* has Predominancy over all his other Faculties; and ſo he is leſs dangerous in the appearance of a *Devil* than a *Saint*. If he ſays he Loves you, Be ſure he Hates you; for he has the Art of Laughing in your Face, whilſt he is deſigning to cut your Throat with a Feather. All that are ſo Weak as to *Truſt* him, he is ſure to *Betray* them; will ſpoil a good *Cauſe* by his Treacherous Management, and Sell the beſt *Client* he has to his *Adverſary*, when he has made the moſt of him. In *London* he frequents all the *Seditious Coffee-houſes* to find out Quarrels, or make 'em, and at the price of a *Penny* gains a *Pound*, in Setting Friends at Variance; and under Pretence of knowing ſomething of the Matter himſelf, or having Manag'd the like Cauſe for another, firſt kindles the *Coals* into a *Blaze*, and then gets *Money* on both Sides to Quench it. A *Conventicle* is his *Exchange*, where he hears the News of who is at Law, and there he Employs his and the *Devil's Brokers*, Solicitors and Splitters, to keep-up the Market of Quarrels at *Common Law*, till he can bring the Litigious Fools into *Chancery*, and be the Factor to ſell both the *Par-*

*cels*

cels by *Commiſſion* at the Price of *Who bids moſt by an Inch of Candle?* The *Mayor*'s, and *Sheriffs* Courts, and the *Marſhalſea*, are his leſſer Mints, for Coining Cauſes of Actions, where he Squeezes his Client for a while, and then by a Writ of *Habeas*, removes *Corpus* to the Jayl, and *Cauſa* to be new Alloy'd by a *Melius Inquirendum* at the Melting-Houſe at *Weſtminſter*. He knows nothing but the *Guts* and *Quercks* of the Law, and in that is ſo great a Proficient, that he ſeldom fails of Succeſs; for where he cannot Snap the Adverſe Attorney, he ſupplies all the defects by Repeated *Affidavits*, and prolonging Suits by theſe Tricks and Shifts, at laſt makes 'em Ready for *Arbitration*, where a Shoulder of Mutton and a Capon, and ſome Naſty Red, bury's a Cauſe in an Hour, that, if the Clients had not been quite *Exhauſted*, might have Lived ſeven Years longer, and run another *Wild Gooſe* Chace through all the Courts in *London*, *Southwark* and *Weſtminſter*, by the dextrous Management of our Upſtart, Ignorant, Knaviſh Attorney. In the Country, a *Conventicle* is his Chymical Elabaratory, where, from *Calves Brains*, and the Gall of *Diſſenter*'s Spleen, ſteep'd in the Sour Milk of the *Miſapply'd Word*, he extracts *Aurum Potabile* and *Edibile*, which, fixt in his Pockets, ſerves for all other Purpoſes. Here he takes Notes from the *Holder-forth* againſt the *Biſhops*, and Fees from the *Auditors* to Cheat the *Parſons* of their great *Tythes*, and the *Vicars* of their *Grunting Offerings*, to Thatch the *Boors* Heads with *Bob-Wigs*, and *Ring* the Siſter-Married *Sows* on their *Thumbs*, and the yet Unexercis'd *Shoates* on their *Middle Fingers*. Like *Pick-Pockets*, he Haunts all the *Markets* and *Fairs* in the Country, to get a Prize; and if his other *Guns* and *Lime-Twigs*, does not catch the *Woodcocks* by day-light, at Night he makes 'em *Drunk*, and ſets 'em a Fighting to Create Actions of *Battery*, and ſo gets double Fees, as *Witneſs*, and *Proſecutor*, and when he has Wrack'd 'em ſufficiently himſelf, turns 'em over to the *Lawyer* for *Execution*. Two *Desks* and a *Quire* of *Paper* ſet him up. Sighing and diſſembling in a *Conventicle* got him *Practice*; and he Laugh'd at their Credulity in his Cloſet! *Strife* and *Wrangling* made him Rich, and he's Thankful to his Benefactors by Cheriſhing them! His buſineſs would never give him Time to caſt away a Thought upon his *Conſcience*; therefore as he has Liv'd by *Cheating Men*, now approaching towards the Grave, he intends, to Cheat the *Devil* alſo; for having Early given him his Soul, to aſſiſt him in getting Money, he has now diſpoſed of it by *Will* another way, without Relation had to the *Prior* Grant; and ſays, if the *Devil*

ſhould make his Claim at *Domeſday*, and Recover, he had yet a Trick left to Reverſe *Judgment*, but whether 'twill Hold or not, I much queſtion, and know not how to ſend to have Mr. *Sim*'s Opinion in it, who by this time is Able to Reſolve the *Doubt* infallibly. There is ſtill more Filth in this *Dung-Cart*, which I dare not ſtir, for fear of Infecting the Air, and poyſoning Mankind; and therefore all I ſhall Adventure on at preſent, is, to tell my Reader in ſober Sadneſs, That the *Practices* of ſuch *Lawyers* and *Attorneys*, as I have been deſcribing of, are ſo *Foul*, and their *Numbers* ſo *Many*, that in the Opinion of all ſober Men, they are become *Nuſances* and *Plagues* of *England*.

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## *A Know all, Aſtrological Quack, or a feign'd Phyſician,*

THAT has twelve Houſes of his own in *Heaven*, and ſcarce one upon *Earth*, to Eat, Drink, or Sleep in, is a meer Inſect of Idleneſs, a Stationary *Gipſie*, a *Maggot* bred in *Lily*'s Noſe, or *Gadbury*'s Poſteriors, and ſmells as Rank of *Fool* and *Knave*, as the Bub of a *Partridge* at Pairing-time. He can't be rank'd among the *Whigs* in Point of Religion, for he has none at all, and 'twou'd ruine his Practice of *Figure-flinging* to be thought to have any; and therefore muſt be placed among the Politick Whigs, that Fright the fooliſh World with Incredible Fears, and Inviſible Dangers; that talk of nothing but *Earthquakes*, *Blazing-Stars*, *Dreadful Comets*, *Iriſh Maſſacres*, and raiſe ſuch *Predictions* from them, as will gratify the Itch of a Seditious Party, and kindle Combuſtions among a Mal contented People, who delight to hear of *Revolutions* and *Diſturbances*, rather than enjoy a continued *Peace* and *Proſperity*. This *Sot* pretends to know every thing, but what Concerns himſelf, and in that he is the Ignoranteſt Aſs in the Kingdom. He knows (if you have ſo little Senſe to believe him) all the Tranſactions in the *Starry* Regiment, can Calculate the Fate of Kingdoms, and calls himſelf a *Privy Councellor* in the Superior Regions; but knows not when Propitious *Jupiter* will oblige him with a New Pair of *Shoes*, or *Mercury* bring him Money to Mend his *Old Ones*. He can direct other Men to find *Hidden Treaſure*, while himſelf wants Repairs both at

*Heels*

*Heels* and *Elbows*. He knows all the Intrigues between *Mars* and *Venus*; but not the *Chandler* that Cuckolded him for a Farthing worth of *Oat-Meal*. He knows who broke his Neighbour's Houſe, but not who laid his *Tail* at his own Door. He knows all your Wants and Wiſhes, and can Infallibly reſolve all your Doubts, by a *Horary Queſtion*. If your *Wife* or *Miſs*, be Six Months gone with *Child*, he can tell you, that in three more, in all Probability, ſhe will be *Deliver'd*; and if your Houſe be ready to fall on your Head, that 'tis time to Remove to Another. He knows all the Grand *Secrets*, and Occult Qualities in *Nature*; as why a *Fly* ſhould have *Six Legs*, and an *Elephant* or *Dromedary* but *Four*! Why a *Cat* when ſhe's pleas'd Erects her *Tail*, and a *Dog* wags his croſs his *Stern*! Why *Crabs* go backwards, and *Lice* move forwards! With other Uſeful and Wonderful *Phenomena*'s. If the Queſtion be in *Phyſick*, he knows all your *Diſtempers* as perfectly by his Aſtrological Scheme, as if he had travell'd thro' your Stomach and Guts to Superviſe your *Intrails*. He can Cure *All* Diſeaſes, tho' a Hundred Miles off, by *Sigills*, *Charms*, and *Teleſmans*; but is ready to drop to Pieces with the *Pox*, and cannot *Cure* himſelf. In brief, among all the Fry of *Fools* and *Knaves*, *Sharks* and *Cheats* that pretend to be *Phyſicians*, the *Aſtrologer* is the moſt Incurable *Coxcomb*, and Erranteſt *Impoſter*: From others you have ſomething for your Money, but from him nothing but *Death* and *Damnation* for Deſerting your God, and the Directions of his holy *Oracles*, to Conſult with the Devil by Proxy.

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## *A Female Hypocrite, or Devil in Diſguiſe.*

WHO is one ſhe knows not *What*, if you ask her, and conſequently is neither *Fleſh*, nor *Fiſh*, nor good *Red Herring*; *but what you pleaſe to make her*. She values herſelf for being neither in, nor out of the Faſhion. She wears the beſt of Silks and Linnen, that ever Pins were put in; but dreſſes ſo *Odly*, that ſhe ſpoils her Shape, and the Make of her Face by ſcrewing it into the Model of *Nonconformity*. She reckons nothing ſo *Vicious* as going to *Church*, and wearing *Lace* is a greater Sin in her Eſteem, than Fornication, or Adultery. While ſhe is *Uncoupled* and in *Company*, ſhe's as Demure as a Saint; but take her Alone, ſhe's as Gameſom as

a little *Cat* in a *Corner*, and will *Tee-Hee* at a Smutty Jeſt, and be as Brisk and Obliging as the Rankeſt Sinner. 'Tis true, ſhe rails at the *Beau's*, as Unregenerate *Vermine*, and a known *Bully* ſcares her as wickedly at the firſt Aſſault, as a *Mad Ox* does the Women in a *Market*; but if he has the Wit to approach her *Civily* at firſt, after a little warm Handling, he ſoon raiſes a place to reſt her hands upon; which her indulgent *Zealous* Father ſuſpecting, he ſalves up her *Reputation* with the Addition of another *Hundred Yellows*, and *Tacks* her to a *Needy*, but *Hopeful* Thriving *Brother*, which new Dyes her *Honour* and *Chaſtity*; and ſhe's receiv'd into his Bed, as a *pure Virgin* Sacrifice. Being now a ſpick and ſpan *New Wife*, ſhe looks as Demurely, as if *Almond Butter* would not melt in her Mouth, tho' Suffolk Cheeſe won't Choke her. She's now ſo *Innocent* among her Neighbours, that ſhe even *Bluſhes* to ſee her *Own Hand* naked, and has ſunk her Voice to ſo *Low* a Key, that ſhe can ſcarce hear herſelf; but e're ſhe had been Married a Week, like a *Larum Clock*, the whole Houſe *Rang* of her. A Spot upon her own *Gown* rais'd a Tempeſt, and her Husband *Riſing* in his own *Defence* before ſhe was *Awake*, made ſuch a *Thunder* as *Deafn'd* all the Family. Her Devotion at the *Conventicle* is in turning up the *Eggs* of her *Eyes* to the *Tubſters*, and turning down the Leaves of her *Book*, without regard to the *Quotation*. When the *Holder-forth* ſhews how *Artificially* he can *Grunt* out the Buſineſs of *Perſecution*, ſhe's full of ſickly *Qualms*, tho' if the Executioner be but *Man*, ſhe ſays no *Martyr* ſhall ſuffer with greater Reſolution. She abounds with more *Texts* than a *Concordance*, and will not *ſlap* her Maid o're the *Chaps*, without a Scripture Authority; nor Correct her Husband's *Coxcomb*, but by a Choice Preſident out of ſome of the *Diſſenter's* Sayings. She never thinks a Sermon good, unleſs ſhe ride five Mile to *Hear* it, becauſe it covers an *Aſſignation* upon the Way, which is much more Edifying than the *Lecture*. She's much in Love with the *Quakers* Silent *Meetings*, becauſe it gives her time to *Recruit*, and ſhe makes Amends for it at *Dinner*, and *Prattles* more than any at the *Table* againſt Senſe, Antichriſt, and her Husband, till a fat Gob of Mother *Tripe* and *Muſtard*, puts her to Silence. When ſhe has almoſt *Dined*, ſhe Complains of a *Tender Conſcience*, the Weakneſs of her Stomach, and her want of Appetite; and immediately a Piece of *Tart*, that, by Accident was bottom'd with a Leaf of the *Apocripha*, made her *Puke*, and had certainly brought up all her *Dinner*, if a lufty Soke of *Right Nants*, had not qualify'd her *Anti-*

*pathy*

*patby* againſt *Bell* and the *Dragon.* She's as full of Faith, as an Egg is full of Meat, but has no room for *Charity*, and underſtands no *Good Works*, but thoſe, which, when a *Child*, ſhe wrought upon her Sampler, and ſpoils them too by often *ſhewing them.* She's a perfect Enemy to all *Church-Muſick* but the *Chimes*, which kindly Call her to Four *Meals* a day, and Refreſhes her Spirits with the Comfortable Melody of *Wiſdom*, *Hopkins*, and *Sternhold.* She rails at the Women of the World as *Damn'd*, for Wearing Fringes on their Petticoats; and Wears her own *Plain*, that ſhe may take 'em up with *leſſer Trouble* and *Inconvenience.* High Heads and Lac'd Shoes puts her into horrible Exclamations; ſhe calls 'em all *Jezebels*, *Dalilahs*, and *Whores of Babylon* that wear them; and accounts it as a *Mark* of Grace, that ſhe can *Do* as well without 'em. She is no leſs Skill'd in Policies of Government, and is an Earneſt Contender for the *Rights* of Woman-kind, which ſhe claims as her *Due*, and not as a *Benevolence* from the good Man's *Prerogative.* She oppoſes the *Monarchy* of a *Husband*, with the *Undeterminable* Privileges of a *Wife*, and Maintains the Sovereignty of her Sex, by Keeping the *Keys* of the *Caſh* at her Legiſlature Girdle, and ſupplying her *Husband*'s Neceſſities with a *Bit* and *Knock*, as ſhe thinks Convenient. And as ſhe gives him with *One* Hand, will be ſure to take Something from him with the *Other*, that he may never grow too *Big* for her *Management.* Freedom of Speech ſhe claims as her *Birth-right*, be it never ſo *Arrogant* and *Supercilious.* Doing *what ſhe Liſts*, is her *Liberty*; a ſeperate *Maintenance* is her *Property*, and claims them by her *Original Contract*, *for Better for Worſe*, and as Agreeable to her Native *Conſtitution* in quality of a Wife, *Dutiful* and *Domineering.* The Man that Cloſes with her upon theſe *Principles*, of Checking the *Arbitrary* Powers of *Husbands*, tho' a *Meer Rake*, has Won the Fort of her feigned *Virtue*; ſhe Surrenders upon *Diſcretion*, and will *Lye* with him upon an *Impulſe* of *Conſcience*, to Reclaim him from the Vulgar Life of *Whores*, and *Wicked Women*! And now having gotten her *Heart*, the Devil on't is, he can't be *Rid* of the Reſt of her *Body*, but, like a *Rattle* at a *Dogs Tail*, let him go where he will, ſhe will follow him, till *Impotency* procures him a *Releaſe*, or *Incurable Claps* bring him to a Death bed *Repentance.*

*Preciſe She-ſinners are by Nature guilty,*
*For whether Young or Old Whores, they'll Jilt ye.*

## *A Low-Churchman, or an Eccleſiaſtical Biſarius, &c.*

IS the Off-ſpring of *Ignorance* and *Nonconformity*, who being Dieted a while in a *Country* School, upon *Rules*, *Exceptions*, and tedious Repetitions of *Amo*'s and *Tupto*'s, till he had learn'd how *Phaeton* broke his Neck; how many Apples *Tytirus* had for his Supper, and underſtood *Homer*'s Commendation of *Achilles*'s Toes, and the *Græcian Bootes*; knew a *Hexameter* from a *Pentameter*, a *Sponde* from a *Dactil*, and could fit 'em without *Senſe* to his Fingers-ends; tho' his *Parts* were contemptible, and the *Purſes* of his Friends at too low an *Ebb*, to maintain him like a Scholar: To the *Univerſity* he muſt go for a little *Logick*, and *Ethicks*, and is Predeſtinated by his Relations to be a *Clergyman*, in hopes that a *Benefice* where *Henry* the Eighth had not been too buſy with his *Toll Diſh*, but that yet there remain'd ſome *Good Land* that Afforded *Milk* and *Honey*, might be the Portion of our Juvenile intended Levite. Now that Succeſs might anſwer the Deſires of his *Parents*, and that the *Babe* of *Grace* might not Surfeit on *Human Learning*, the *Tutor* employs him in *Bed*-Making, *Chamber*-Sweeping, and *Water*-fetching, that the *Sizar*'s Brains might not be over-heated with too much *Vain Philoſophy*. Having ſuck'd in about Six or Seven Mouthfuls of *Univerſity* Air, exactly learnt to Reſpond to *Quid eſt Logica*, and *Quot ſunt Vertutes Morales*; with *Burgerdicus*, *Euſtachius*, and ſuch Excellent Help-meets in *Divinity* in his Coat Pocket; down he goes by the firſt *Carrier* on the Top of a *Pack*, into the Country to Propagate the Goſpel, and by that time he can ſay his *Predicaments*, and his *Creed*, you find him in a *Pulpit*; for now he has the Choice of *Preaching* or *Starving*: *Tho' it had been* Ten times better for the *Land* and the *Church*, that he had been made a *Tooth* Drawer, or a *Porter*. Some Poor Starv'd *Vicar*, that ne're could keep a *Curate* in his Life, gives him a *Title* to *Ordination*, and then a Neighbouring *Knight* takes him into his Family, at the Price of *Ten Pounds a Year*, and a *Sunday Pudding*, to perform *Holy Offices*, and ſpoil his *Children* by making him their *Tutor*. Being a Stranger to the Houſe, and a *Decent* Behaviour, my *Couſin Abigal*, out of Charity, and in hope of the *Benefit* of her *Clergy*, inſtructs him in the Knowledge

ledge of a *Chaplain's Duty*, viz. That he muſt never ſpeak in the *Parlour* but at *Grace* and *Prayer* time. and be ſure with a Low *Bow* to Riſe in time from the *Table*, take away his *Plate*, and march off with his *Hat* under his *Arm*, and cleave a Logg into *Billets*, for the *Parlour* Fire, whilſt the *Knight*, my *Lady*, and her *Children*, eat up the *Chickens*, *Tarts*, and *Cuſtards*, and then calls in the *Chiplin* to *Diſmiſs* them. This obligation upon the young *Levite*, gives him a Liking to Mrs. *Abigal*, which ſhe Cheriſhes with the Remains of her *Lady's Caudles*, and the Peels of her *China Oranges*, and lays the Foundation of his *Ruin*. To pleaſe his *Miſtriſs*, and gain the *Vicarage* that's Entail'd upon her Office by the Cuſtom of the *Mannor*, he's ſometimes found *Cracking Nuts*, and Reading in his *Study*, and having luckily diſcover'd a *Vacuum* in his Upper *Room*, he fills it with Learned *Jargon*, *Materia Prima*, Occult Qualities, and Attoms, which the *Lady* of the Houſe obſerving, ſhe breaks out in his Commendation. *Truly the Young Man is much Improv'd, ſince he came into our Family.* The *Lady's* Good Word, the *Knight's* Good Nature, and Mrs. *Abigal's* Apron Strings growing too ſhort, Prefers him at once to a *Benefice*, and a *Belly-piece*, where the All Wiſe Patron, and the All Underſtanding adjoyning *Juſtice*, being both Severe and Sour *Whigs*, the *Chiplin*, to gain their Favours, and Re-aſſume what he was bred to, ſets up for a *Church Whigg* alſo, and leaves Nothing unattempted that may ſhew his Reſpects to the *Diſſenting* Party. Now he ſets up for a *Conforming Diſſenter*, and carries the fair *Outſide* of a Man, and is an Errant *Knave* in his Heart: One that indifferently divides his Body and his Soul betwixt *Right* and *Wrong*: The Government has his *Head* and *Purtenances*, and the Schiſm his *Affections*. He's Externally a *Church of England Man*, but Inwardly a *Phanatick*, and his own Judgment Condemns his Practice, which he Diſpenſes with, to make Friends of the *Unrighteous Mammon*. At firſt he *bowed* towards the *Altar*, and now if their Worſhips are abſent, to Goodman *Webb*, and Goodman *Bland*, and the beſt Yeomanry of the Pariſh. He divides his good Wiſhes equally between the *King* and his *Patron*, but prays for the Former in his *Deſk*, and the Latter in the *Pulpit*. He *Huddles* over the *Prayers* of the *Church*, as if he was *Riding Poſt*, and Long'd to be at the End of his Journey; but is very Devout and Deliberate in his own Extempore *Belchings*, as it want of *Senſe* made 'em acceptable to God, as well as to his Ignorant *Auditors*. He ſets his *Face* by their Worſhips *Glaſſes*, caſts his Shapes in their *Mould*, and ſerves the *Whig*

*Dons*

*Does* in all Offices; *Prays* and *Expounds* in their Families. Writes their *Leases*, *Bonds*, and *Warrants*, and gives 'em *Glysters* when they are *Costive*; which with Collecting his *Tythe-Pigs*, *Calves*, and *Geese*, and his *Eggs* and *Easter* Offerings, takes up so much of his time, that he has scarce Leisure to steal an *Old Parliament Sermon*, and therefore Stuffs his Memory with Harsh *Metaphors*, Childish *Similitudes*, and Misapply'd *Tales* of *Tubs*, that serve him as well on all Occasions. He has however an excellent *Knack* (as they call it) in Preaching such Gibberish as it is, and is always Provided. If a Text lies at *Sculk* all the Week, and will not be found to be *Rived* in Pieces before *Saturday Night*, or *Sunday Morning*, he then Climbs up to it by *Six Steps*, *as Solomon ascended to the Ivory Throne*, or else goes down to it, as *Moses from the Hill of Sinai*, and wherever he finds it, *Splits* it into *pieces*, to make it good for something. If it be a *Soft* Text, and does not *Drop* asunder of it self, he *Crumbles* it into Morsels between his *Fingers*, to feed the Brood of *Chickens* assembled. If, like *Meadow Hay*, the Text be *Long*, he *Chops* it for the tender *Calves*, and gives the *Oarts* to the Strong *Bulls of Bashan*. If the Text be Free Timber, he divides it into as many Parts, as there are Words or Letters in the whole; but if it prove *Knotty*, he divides it (*Beloved*) into one Part, and then it looks like *Rachel* and *Leah*, or like *Abraham at his Tent Door*; like the *Dove* that *Noah* sent out of the *Ark* to look for Fair Weather; like a Carpenter's pair of Stradling Compasses, or an Orchard of Pomgranets. He's mighty Provident in Husbanding the Words of the Text; and from a Monasyllable, like a Conjurer, can Raise many Points of Doctrine and Observation. If the word *And*, fits in his *Text*, 'tis like *Matthew* at the Receipt of Customs; or like *Zoar*, 'tis but a little Word, and Observes from it, *That small things must not be disregarded*. If he Encounter the word *But*, standing or travelling in his Text, 'tis like the Man going to *Jericho*, and it Preaches to you *Caution* and *Comfort*; first *Caution*, and shews that this *But* is such a *Butte* that you cannot *Hitt* it, unless Free Grace direct your *Arrow*; and secondly, for your Comfort, 'tis but a *Butt* of Excellent Wine, and then falls to Broaching it. Sometimes he shews his Wit in *Jingling* with Words, and his Learning by false *Concord* and *Quantity*, and then opens his Treasury of *Tales*, *Metaphors*, and *Similies*, wherein the *Almighty* himself is in danger of being *Blasphem'd*, if the *Metaphor-Monger* had not the *Art* of bringing himself off, with a *Limping*, *As it were*, *As I may so say*, and Salving all by Hobling in, *With Reverence*

*Reverence be it ſpoken.* Then to humour the Factious he Groans! Leaps! Hurls! and lays about him, in Railing Bloodily againſt Pluralities, and wiſhes the *Clergy* as many Wives as Benefices. *Non-Reſidence* he Confutes by that plain Text of Scripture, *Abraham begat Iſaac*, which is as Convincing as Demonſtration it ſelf! for had *Abraham* not Reſided, but Diſcontinued from *Sarah* his Wife, he could never have *begot Iſaac*, which ſets 'em all a *Groaning* in the *Middle Iſle*, worſe than at the Burials of their Fathers or Husbands, or at the News of *Cherry*'s Miſcarrying of a White-fac'd *Calf*! Which, with a *Sober* Word or two againſt the *Government*, and Setting out his own Loſſes, by the *Tax* on Births and Burials, which kept Young Men from *Getting Children*, and Old Men from *Dying* to Save the *King*'s *Duty*, he Concluded the Preachment; and the *Maſters* of the Pariſh, in Commiſeration of his Suffering, Charitably Order the *Half-fac'd* Brother, a Recruit out of the Poors Rate: In a grateful Commemoration whereof, he reſolves at the firſt opportunity to Burn the Cover of the Font, to Boil his *Leek* Porrage; to let the *Common-Prayer-book* fall into the *Dirt*, to ſpare the Trouble of *Reading* it; and to Tare out the *Surplis* into Neceſſaries for the Family, to ſhew his Zeal againſt *Popery*, and his *Averſion* to *Ceremonies*, and ſo much ſhall ſerve this *Time* and *Text*, next *Lords-Day*, you ſhall have him again with a *New One*.

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## *A Trimmer, or Jack of all Sides,*

IS a *Will with a Whiſp*, a Man of no *Principle*, either of *Honour* or *Conſcience*, any further than it ſquares with his *Safety* and *Profit*. You may reckon him among the common *Enemies* of the *Government* and *Mankind*. His Countenance is like a *Prognoſtication* in an *Almanack*: When his Eyes ſparkle with *Joy*, you muſt look upon the *Dancing* of thoſe *Spirits*, like the Play of *Porpoiſes* before a *Tempeſt*, and when *All is well there*, 'tis a Foreboding of *Troubles*, and *Storms* in the *Publick*: As a *Cloud* on his *Forehead* (on the other ſide) is an Infallible Sign of *fair-weather* in the *State*; for that which makes the One *fat*, makes the Other *lean*, and common *Diſaſters* are not only his *Diſcourſe*, but his Food and Nouriſhment, and the Reaſon of ſo much Contrariety is this, That *Monarchy*, and a *Popular Sovereignty*, *Law* and *Licenſe*, *Order*, and *Confuſion*, can never ſtand together. He talks aloud of *Grievances*, *Abuſes*, and *Miſmanagements*, and makes it his Buſineſs to *Enlarge* upon them. He talks of

*Dangers*,

*Dangers*, and fills Peoples Heads with *Frightful* Stories of them, and at the ſame Inſtant is ſo put to't for *Want* of Proof, that he is feign'd at leaſt to *Magnify*, if not to *Create* them, and ſupply the Defect of *Matter* with *Impoſter* and *Invention*. There is not a *Whimſical* Story paſſes the *Town*, that is capable of being Improv'd into *Scandal* or *Illuſion*, but it's preſently *Furbiſh'd* up for the Service of the *Malcontended*: And when there wants Matter of Fact for a Ground to work upon, it is his Care to ſupply it with *Fancy* or *Suggeſtion*. He has a New way of Politick *Maſquerading*, under a Coat that fits all *Factions* and *Opinions*, goes round like a *Mill-Horſe* in the ſame *Track* of *Hearing*, *Telling* and *Dividing*, and under pretence of *Trimming*, at laſt Removes, and with his own *Weight* Overſets the *Wherry*. The *Gentleman* that has endeavoured to give him a fairer *Character*, has forgot what he is, and Repreſents what he ſhould be. He *Inclines* too much to a *Party* to carry himſelf *Uprightly*, and approves the *Senſe* of the *Law*, no longer than it aſſerts his *Intereſt*; and thinks 'em no longer *Jewels*, than they hang at his *Ears*, or Adorn his *Fingers*. Tho' *Monarchy*, when the Adminiſtration falls into wiſe and good Hands, is approved by all *Judicious* Men, as the Beſt Form of *Government*; he is no longer in *Love* with it, than it keeps him in Humour with a *Profitable Employment*: and when that is taken away, yet by *Trimming*, when he has held his *Office*, he has Secured his Intereſt in a *Party*, and then ſets up for a *Jacobite*, or a *Republican*; either for *Another King*, *or no King at all*, as he ſees the Beam turning to his own *Advantage*. He is for a *Liberty* that is Inconſiſtent with his *Allegiance*, and calls every Government *Arbitrary*, where he cannot Act the *Tyrant* over all below him, and *Checkmate* all above him. He is not ſo *Diſpleaſed* with any thing, as our own *Conſtitution*, where *Monarchy* and *Liberty* are ſo happily Reconciled, that they Friendly Embrace each other. He is angry that *Liberty of Conſcience* is Eſtabliſhed by Law, becauſe he has loſt an Opportunity of *Quarrelling* about it; for he had Rather want his *Right*, than not Gratify his *Spleen*, and Humour his *Perverſneſs*. He is a Friend to *Zeal*, and an Enemy to *Knowledge*, and Cheats himſelf by a falſe Oſtentation of the *Power* of *Godlineſs*, without being in the *Form* of it. He thinks himſelf of the *True Religion*, becauſe he has been of *All he could hear of*, and having *Pinned* himſelf to the Principles of *Neutrality*, had rather undergo the *Laodicean Fate*, than enjoy the *Reward* of *Fidelity* and *Perſeverance*. The Noiſe of *Fire* at *Midnight*, does not ſo much *Affright* him, as a Diſcourſe of *Accommodation* and *Comprehenſion*, for to be *All* of a *Piece* would ſpoil his Market, in being For and Againſt every thing, by way of *Debtor* and *Creditor*. He always ſhifts for the *Warm* ſide of the *Hedge*, and rather than run any *Riſque* in his *Body* or *Fortune*, he will leave his *Prince*, his *Country*, his *Father* or *Friend* in the *Lurch*, to Save but the worth of a *Cockle-ſhell*. In your Proſperity over a *Bottle* of *Wine*, and a Diſh of your Meat, he will load you with *Careſſes* and *Civilities*; but if you come to have the *Wind* and *Tide* in your *Teeth*, and the Vogue of the *Town* againſt you, he will be one of the *firſt* ſhall *Deſert* you in ſtark *Love* and *Kindneſs*; till you have

*Strugled*

*Struggled* your way through the *Difficulty*, and then he is again *Your most Obedient Humble Servant.*

If our *Trimming Whig* is a Man of Authority, he will Ruin you with *Truſt* and *Confidence*; and draw out your laſt Blood in Pretences to do your *Buſineſs*, when he never in the leaſt *Intends* it. Ask his Favour for an *Employment*, He allows you to be a very *Honeſt* Man, and well *Qualified* for any thing, one that has Faithfully Served the *Queen* and *Government*, and he is glad, *Heartily glad*, that he has an Opportunity of Serving you. He has *three* or *four* pretty Things in his *Eye*; there are *two* or *three Vacancies* at preſent, and you may aſſure your ſelf he is your *Friend* to all *Intents* and *Purpoſes*; you may intirely depend upon any *Good Office* he can do you, and that he will Never leave you, *till he has done ſomething or other that is Conſiderable for you:* And now betwixt the *Credit* of the *Pretence* on the one ſide, and the *Sure* of the *Truſt* and *Confidence* on the other, you are entred upon the *Road* that leads to your *Undoing*. Now you have a *Waiter's Place*, and having danced *Attendance* on him till you have hardly *Shoes* to follow him longer, you have for Anſwer, *That he has done what he can*; but there was ſo many *Buts* and *Exceptions* in the way, he could not accompliſh his *Wiſhes* for you. *But if you can find out any thing, you ſhall be ſure of it.* This puts you upon a new Charge of *Enquiring*, and when you bring him an Account of *Three things Undiſpoſed of*, he falls into a *Paſſion*, and Chides your *Negligence*; for if you had but ſpoke of it a *Quarter of an hour ſooner*, he had done your Buſineſs effectually; for one of them was *juſt given away*, and the other *Two* are *Promiſed*, and you muſt have *Patience*, and Hunt about for more *Diſcoveries*, till he grow as *Shy* of you, as a Sculking *Citizen* of a *Sergeant*.

Now as oft as you come, he is *Sick*, *Buſie*, *Abroad*, or not to be ſpoken with. If you *Way-lay* and *Surprize* him, he is in great *Haſt*, cannot *Stay*; but when you have found out ſomething for your *Turn*, come to him, and you ſhall be ſure, in *Engliſh*, *To go without it*. And now put all his *Profeſſions*, *Proteſtations*, and *Promiſes* into one Scale, and his *Doublings*, his *Put offs*, *Shams* and *Pretences* into Another, and you will find your very *Soul* upon the moſt Painful ſort of *Torture*. Depend, ſays the *Whiggiſh Trimmer*. Aſſure your ſelf, Upon my *Honour*, I will Serve you; when there is no more in it at laſt, than ſo much Air thrown into the Mouth of a *Credulous Fool*, toward the Satisfying of an *Empty Stomach*. One while the *Honour* of the *Government* will not bear it. The *Incompetency* of the Perſon; It is too *Little*, or too *Much*; It is too *Soon*, or it is too *Late*; It is out of your *Way*, or Unſuitable to your *Humour*; and, in a Word, an honeſt Man may as well lay his Finger upon an *Indiviſible Inſtant*, as *Nick* the preciſe time of doing his Buſineſs, by the Mediation of a falſe *Trimming Whig*, who does nothing but *Delude* and *Betray* you; and his laſt *Shift* is, Removing you out of his way into the *Country*, and when he has found out ſomething, he will ſend for you: *And that will be when the Devil is Blind, whoſe Eyes are not Sore yet.*

Having ſpent all your Money, *Wearied* out your *Self*, and *Worn* out your *Cloaths*, you Procure a Friend to Solicite for

you.